

A Cry From Africa

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How long, O Lord, how long!
From burning sands to blazing skies,
Shall Africa's millions
Lift their pleading eyes?

O! stay thy hand,
And write it not,
That Christian nations wait,
Until it be forever more too late,
To save those stricken ones
From Sodom's fate!

Our God! by Thine almighty power,
Fill these cold hearts this hour!
That we may cry,
From out their depths, to Thee:
"Here am I, Lord!
Send me, send me!"

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